

recovery from pain

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Satsuki's building her life after the trauma Ragyo placed upon her shoulders.

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[Introduction](#)

[recovery from pain](#)

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Ragyo may be gone

(in the physical sense,

for she is now

left to linger

in ruins,

torn apart

by her own

masterful doing)

but...

it isn't that simple:

you see, Satsuki is still alive

an aching, glorious, painful cacophony

of neuroses and

somehow, she is left almost

completely alone to

bake in the heat of

what happened to her.

Nothing that looked

like kindness bloomed within Ragyo;
anything that could be
construed as some
sort of "maternal instinct"
died an agonizing death
long before Satsuki was ever conceived.

Pain and suffering surrounded her life,
of inappropriate hands gliding across Satsuki's body
and constant degradation in the form of spitfire insults,
stinging consdescencion and malicious judgment
spite masquerading pity and hateful fear mongering,
All of this insanity masquerading as normal conversation,
wherein aloofness and distance was supposed to be love
but it was more of an ill-defined haze to
the outside world. ("Concrete" has a strange definition
when you cherry-pick how to define words
in attempts to gaslight things in your favor.)

No one could listen to Satsuki's plea bargaining for help
because mothers are supposed to have harsh rough edges:
femininity is built from soft, cold, passion and loud, hot, intensity,

ambition spiraling out of control and articulate madness,
fiery hatred and icy silence,
all of which made its way underneath the radar,
the blind eye turned from Satsuki made the girl weep.

She grew up, forced to make sure she was heard,
her voice booming and clear,
her posture confident.

Satsuki's recovery will not be stomped upon!